

gagaku

I like to beat on a drum  
I'd change my last name to  
drum

but I haven't  
too lazy  
to go through court procedure  
other reasons too

demons play drums  
beat their hand bones against  
skins of drums  
yet no sound here

O I don't know  
I'm punking out here  
I've written  
enough this morning

the neighbors can't wait  
for me to tire  
and stop

please  
somewhere someday this poem will  
be printed  
please leave the space between the  
a and the t in the 2nd  
line of the 3rd stanza

english professors will  
not like it  
but it's my freedom  
it's around 3 or 4 a m  
I look at my hands  
I see demons sticking pins into cushions  
lots of pins stuck  
in the little reddish puff of cloth

there's dirt under my fingernails  
demons clean their talons with pins  
now try to put their pins  
in my eye

it doesn't work  
it's a tough god damn world



where is my novel?  
where is my hamsun's hunger? pan?  
where is my camus's stranger?  
my miller's assassin?  
my bulgakov's master and marguerita?  
my dostoevsky's gambler? tale of 10 years prisontime?  
where is my novel?  
am I to be forever immersed  
here in  
the intense poem?  
speaking of demons  
with long scraggly  
wadded hair  
blowing in  
this sick wind?

gagaku

I  
watch them dance

2 by 2  
holding arms

demons  
in black cloth

moving to this music  
as if it were a waltz

they dip and rise and glide  
in figure eights

the reverse  
of square dance

an evil folk motion  
they seem to enjoy themselves

perhaps I'm wrong  
maybe they're

saints